

Nos. X. & XI. (NEW) 1823. (SERIES) DEC. 15.

THE  
**MIRROR OF THE STAGE**

OR,  
**New Dramatic Censor;**

CONSISTING OF  
ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS,  
**OBITUARIES**

ON THE  
**NEW PIECES AND PERFORMERS:**  
ANECDOTES, ORIGINAL ESSAYS,

&c. &c. &c.

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LETTER on the Performances at the Richmond Theatre.

*Embellished with a striking Portrait of*  
**Mr. MACREADY, as CAIUS,**  
*In "CAIUS GRACCHUS."*

**LONDON:**

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*To the Editor of the 'Mirror of the Stage.'*

SIR.—In an age like ours, when the Theatre is resorted to as the scene of classic elegance and genius, is it not provoking to find here and there a solitary rebellious feeling, battling like some unfavored David, against the giant spirit of public judgment. I have lately encountered one of these enthusiast warriors in the person of an old gentleman 'three score years and upwards,' who distinctly tells me that we have scarcely any genuine talent upon the stage.

In some this would appear a cynical illiberality, deserving 'much castigation;' but in this instance it arises from a false belief of modern degeneracy, and an avowed predilection for the 'old school.' Thus far it is sincere; but though on my mind's tablet 'I write him down an ass,' the contention still exists in its primitive asperity. He says that our best actors are buffoons, and imitators of men gone down into their graves, and then, with much solemnity of aspect, invokes Garrick. Feeble sophister! because Shakspeare lived before them, must Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and Otway, be forgotten?

Yet even this class of ancient unbelivers may boast a greater share of sense and liberal feeling, than that bigotted and selfish mass of beings, who preach against the morality of our Stage, who deal forth their anathemas, 'like boys pelting snowballs at the sun:' who deny its utility, and reject its offerings of harmless gratification. That so large a portion of the community should thus divest themselves of candour, and arrayed in the garb of infatuation, should consider a species of amusement, calculated as it is to inform and delight, as inconsistent with the due observance of their moral and religious principles, is indeed a matter of surprise. Yet, so it is, and so I fear it must continue; for while they shut their eyes to conviction, it is in vain to offer them the spectacles of argument.

These remarks have resulted from a brief visit to a family at Richmond, afflicted with the prejudices above named. These, however, did not prevent me visiting the theatre, which I thought infinitely preferable to a systematic chat with a religious daughter and caressing the lank-haired little ones; or listening to the politics of the sire, who talked about the national debt, and wanted to illumine my darkness with a plan for its speedy liquidation.

Luckily it was a benefit night: I say luckily, because I like to visit a theatre on such an occasion, to single out the distinguished being whose name is so

emblazoned on the bill, to watch the unusual trepidation of limb, and the fearful glee that shines through his features, at finding all perhaps he loves, or by whom he is beloved on earth, assembled to cheer him with their happy greetings. Then when his 'little brief authority' is over, comes the not less delightful task of gathering the golden meed of labour and anxiety, and replenishing his craving coffers. Such was the case on Friday, October 10th, when the Merchant of Venice was performed, under the patronage of the Marchioness of Queensbury, to an audience consisting almost exclusively of females. I was not prepared for any peculiar manifestation of talent, but the performance was appropriate and decorous. The Shylock of Mr. Kent was an able and correct portraiture of the worst passions of our nature, and discovered a mind whose attainments are of no slight order. Mr. Freer (whose night it was) played Bassanio with that free and gentlemanly deportment so essential to the progress of an actor. A professor of the stage should be capable of something beyond a mere acquaintance with its customs and its ordinances. He must exceed the painter: he must embody and make real the picture it is his study to form. It is not enough to resemble that he represents; he must be for a time the vivid and intense reality. Mr. F. possesses in a high degree this intellectual requisite; his performance was chaste and effective. He does not depend entirely on the advantages of person, or the modulation of voice, but displays that loftier spirit of creative feeling, which is the certain emanation of genius. The Gratiano of Mr. Klanert, and the Antonio of Mr. Gardiner, were displayed with considerable judgment and success; and the other characters merited all possible encouragement. I must not, however, omit noticing Miss Wilkins, as Nerissa, and Miss Holland, as Portia, who evinced a fidelity and an acuteness of conception, which were warmly appreciated. Indeed, the Merchant of Venice was well 'got up,' and had the shade of its divine author descended on the earth, to watch over the representation of this mighty effusion, there would scarcely have been found a single error to be inscribed upon the register.

The farce of Modern Antiques was the last course in this most interesting banquet, and I, in common with the numerous other guests, retired, duly acknowledging the splendour and propriety of the feast.

I am, Sir, &c.  
October 20, 1823.

S. L. B.

# THE Mirror of the Stage;

OR,

## NEW DRAMATIC CENSOR.



"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;  
To show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image;  
And the very age and body o' th' times its form and pressure."

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Nos. 10 & 11] MONDAY, Dec. 15, 1823. [Vol. III.

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### MR. MACREADY.

The notice of this gentleman in a former number consequently renders our observations in the present case but limited. Time and practice, the certain aid of genius, have yielded their benefit to Mr. MACREADY, and now present him as one of our first tragedians. His method is passionate, vigorous, and faithful to the copy, nature;—yet his performances want decision of character. There are but few peculiarities in his mode of representation to make a distinct style of acting. MACREADY will ever be admired for the vividness of his fancy, the bursts of soul, and the taste which chastens and repels the wanderings of passion;—but he will not, like KEMBLE, leave behind him a field which imagination may accord and hold sacred to his memory. We conceive him a better hero of romance, than a hero. In *Wallace*, (that milk and water composition) *Julian*, *Gambia*, he displays that creative power which meets the insatiate cravings of our fancy; he proffers to the fairy dreams of vision—sports with us through imagined worlds, and gratifies our appetite for the superfine morsels of humanity; but if we oppose his representation

of *Coriolanus* to *Wallace*, *Romeo* to *Julian*, and *Pierre* to *Gambia*, the contrast will yield a greater share of praise for the performance of the linsey-wolsey nobles. He finds them mere trash, and he makes them gods. An Apollo rises from the uncouth block. We subjoin from the pen of S. L. BLANCHARD, Esq. the following lines, which adorn equally the subject and the author.

Yes! to behold life-glancing genius fling  
Its sparkling treasures from the mind's  
sweet spring,  
Like some rich fountain where the sunlight lies,  
Whose form delights, whose freshness purifies;  
To view the varying mien, the victor-voice,  
Before whose force we tremble or rejoice;  
To gaze subdued on the embodied charm  
Which makes the storm, and bears us from its harm;  
To watch the living picture to its rest,  
And find the copy traced on every breast;  
To catch the mighty breathings of the bold,  
The freedom-fires that light the giant soul'd;—

R

These, these have gemm'd the iron  
crown of life,  
And purpled o'er its burthening robe of  
strife.  
And thou, Macready! oh, full well I  
deem  
That thou hast power to shape the  
glorious dream—  
Spirit of men! thou master of the thrills,  
The magic moonbeams on our tide of  
ills—  
Thine is the chainless soul, the classic  
mind,  
To win by silence, or in tumult bind.  
I would not speak thine excellence, nor  
say  
How rich the vassals of thy kingly sway.  
I would but greet thee as we hail the  
sun,  
In pompless phrase—"Shine on thou  
mighty one!"

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### MINOR-IES, No. 5.

MR. BLANCHARD.

"Arms, and the man I sing."—*Virgil*.

This gentleman is an old favourite of the Coburg and Surrey audiences. Bad judgment has the melo-dramatist who neglects to avail himself of Mr. B's sword. There is an homely proverb, "you cannot buy land without stones." With Blanchard's elegant fencing you must have the deteriorating accompaniment of his *acting*; with him the lovers are doubly outrageous, from the knowledge, we suppose, of superior skill in cut and thrust;—or to a very good old king, or chieftain, who is deposed by some wicked and aspiring varlet, he is "a tower of strength."—BRADLEY, on these occasions, is a LION he is proud to hunt;

"The forest echoes with his roar."

BLANCHARD is a warrior charged with quicksilver, or like Suwarrow, "a harlequin in uniform," whose evolutions have so strange and so *satiric* an effect, as to

make us imagine he had seen more service in the quadrille-room than in the field:—he comes on, raps out a sentiment, of workmanship *a la Ball*—hey! praesto! change and begone! flashes fire, and vanishes, "ere one can say *it lightens*." We have frequently witnessed this gentleman mar a tolerable scene with his threats so outrageously magnanimous, and remember this failing particularly in *Paoli*,—where we should have sympathized with him and his fair mistress, torn by conflicting passions of love and duty; just as we were about to have recourse to our pocket-handkerchief, BLANCHARD came therowley-powley business, and beguiled us of an inadvertant laugh, much to our injury in the opinion of a tender-hearted, middle-aged neighbour, who, in the contempt she expressed for our apathy, appeared to congratulate herself on the possession of more GENEROUS feelings.—In vain we should have quoted to her—

"If that we laugh at any mortal thing,  
'Tis that we cannot WEEP;"—

"we were brutes, PUPPIES;"—therefore, BLANCHARD, for our consideration, do not be so *active* in your operations—do not attempt to express love or loyalty by the movement of a windmill—the latter feeling particularly should not have a *turning* motion;—speak from your chest, and do not, pumping all your breath into your throat, let it escape by fits and starts.—Stand more at ease when you speak, give your limbs a respite, and you will find yourself bettered in the opinion of every reasonable auditor, without risking your fame in the estimation of the *higher* authorities.

Of Mr. BLANCHARD's swordmanship, we must speak in unqualified terms of praise, it is forcibly elegant, and evinces the hand of a master.

α.

**Time's Sawdust.****No. 4.—THE WALK.**

"Will you go with me?" said  
 \*\*\*\* "Will I go with thee?" every  
 pulse leapt to "Yes"—I said it not,  
 but her hand was offered—her lips  
 apart—and her eyes tranquilly beam-  
 ing—her small arm was instantly  
 circled in mine, and we proceeded  
 in silence onward. It was a charm,  
 a pause, I would not have broken  
 for the lays of an angel. I felt in  
 that transitory moment raised above  
 mortality—a divine thrill ran through-  
 out my frame;—I knew not the  
 ground;—my tread was ethereal—a  
 voluptuous impulse pressed her arm  
 closer within mine own, and a  
 sigh told the delicious havoc of  
 my senses. What an eminence!  
 a happy state! the king's crowning  
 hour, or the loud-buz of fame wel-  
 coming the battered hero, cannot  
 yield a sensation so sweet, so deli-  
 cious, as that moment of triumph.  
 To be enthralled by passion, and  
 turning, meet the timid tearful  
 glance of the young quiet creature  
 hanging upon you in all the confidence  
 of womanhood. I have even thought  
 that such a look has acted on my  
 frame, as on my mind; and I have  
 felt as though I were raised to six  
 feet, and trod with the footing of a  
 giant. Happy time! the passion  
 flowers of this thorny world;—but,  
 alas! how fading!

We walked on, the evening ap-  
 proached: evening! the lover's hour;  
 though some say morn; but give me  
 eve. The morn animates and heats  
 the mind; but the close of the day,  
 the farewell of the sun, the heavens  
 in sober beauty, open the heart, and  
 chain the too ardent throb to their  
 own sweet concord. At this hour,  
 when trade, and interest, and the  
 world's clatter, are at rest, and  
 there seem spirits in every breeze,  
 and peeping angels from the stars;—  
 when the moon throws her vast sheet

of light over hill, and tree, and  
 cottage-roof, hallowing the spot it  
 lights on, then let me sit with her I  
 love, whose eyes shall with heaven's  
 gems divide my gaze: then will my  
 bosom swell with universal good,  
 and peace, and love towards all men;  
 and injuries received shall make me  
 smile, and friendships be again re-  
 membered. When waiting on the  
 great ones of this world, the purse  
 proud blown-up idiot, who temporizes  
 between feeling and a sixpence; the  
 hardened dealer, or the powerful  
 nothing.—At such a moment, when  
 the mind writhes in agony at the  
 question, or *command*—let me but  
 think there have been, and are times  
 when my soul can taste this inter-  
 course of luxury, and I rise above  
 the man of gold, the vulgar's stare,  
 the million's god.

And it is to thee I owe much of  
 this, thou that presidest at the ban-  
 quet, and pointest with the look of  
 cherub to the feast. \*\*\*\*, I smile  
 when that they call me romantic,  
 mad; I would not change the *mad-*  
*ness* of that hour, for all the lore of  
 arithmetic friends, and bustling  
 plodders. That hour! oh! it was  
 my heart's jubilee! and its memory  
 is eternal. We bade adieu, and I  
 saw thy young form dart like a deer  
 among the trees.—You gained the  
 door, a light beamed in the cham-  
 ber:—the window opened;—a  
 hand waved;—the curtain was  
 closed,—and I stood unconscious  
 of my loneliness, until a sudden  
 rushing of the wind awakened me  
 from gazing.—"She prays," I  
 thought; "and now her pure glow-  
 ing face is turned to heaven, and her  
 bosom heaves gently as the summer  
 wave. Dear girl! may no untimely  
 blight wither up thy roses, or world-  
 ly clashing ruffle thee."

I retraced my way homeward;  
 was asked to supper—supper! who  
 could have supped?—I went to bed,  
 and rose for a time light and happy,

*peter.*

## THE PAST.

If we enter deeply into the feelings of men, if we hearken to their stories of days gone by, if we review the details of their early emotions and attachments, we shall find that there are events which (though meliorated by a lapse of years, and the multitude of intervening pursuits) recollection must always be busy with. To some, perhaps, this retrospection may not be uninviting, as it forms a kind of star (not less brilliant because fallacious) shining through the circle of their present obscurity; to others, it is a lone cloud upon the beautiful sky above them, which does not vent its bitterness and dissolve; but hangs like the huge stone above the condemned mortal, who, the fable says, lives in continual fear of being crushed by its fall.

Of these last I am one. My spirit is broken by this acuteness of recollection. The occurrences of my youth pass before me as the shadows of yesterday. I am old amongst my fellows: seventy years, albeit but an atom in the vastness of eternity, are nevertheless a portion of time wherein much good and infinite evil may be done.

During this tedious space, passed in a careless unconfiding intercourse with worldly worshippers, I have seen those who professed regard, and those who perhaps felt it, alike disappear around me. I have seen the revolutions of states and kingdoms, war, and its disgraceful ravages, tyranny, and its diseased victims; I have heard men laugh at the very sanctity of Heaven; I have witnessed impiety and fanaticism; I have beheld men, converting the pulpit to a stage, dole forth their weekly parcels of religion, with as much sincerity as an actor deals out his mimic denunciations;—yet with all these abuses glaring before me, I have been immersed in my own selfishness. The early impression within me has been indelible; and I have only endured life, instead of endeavouring to relieve it of its burthen.

I will relate to you a circumstance which occurred to me during my better days; I mean the days of boyhood, when returning enthusiasm smiled at the apathy which even then would sometimes creep upon my spirit. I had seen but nineteen years, when the event I speak of heaped a winter of age upon my heart, and left its whole mass of generous feeling to the chillness of a settled and pervading gloom.

I was accustomed, young as I was, to hold philosophic disquisitions with a man whose society was at that time my chief means of instruction. Far beyond me in that intelligence of mind and greatness of principle which I so highly valued, I taught myself to regard him with fervour. Indeed, so frequent and earnest were our exchanges of opinion, so mutual our sentiments and feelings, that the world might well have observed of us, in the language of the poet—

“Tho’ in their age they differ, join in heart.”

For the daughter of this man I conceived and avowed an attachment. It was approved by its fair object, and as it met no censure from him to whose judgment I preferred it, I anticipated no after punishment. This very silence of consent, however, whispered of the coming tumult. Mary had another suitor; but as he was one of those everyday triflers, whom I already heartily despised, my heart never once trembled for its security. On this man, however, was she bestowed, because, forsooth, he could boast an acre or two of land more than my father had bequeathed to me. I laughed at my friend’s real sentiments, now for the first time unveiled; but I wept at my own ruin. I saw myself abandoned to the bitterest doom that man is born to struggle with. I sought to chain my feelings about my heart; but they escaped, and rushed into my eyes, from whence the film had been so recently torn away. Mary was wedded to another, but she loved me; and, alive



to the delicacy of her situation, I quitted her sight for ever.

It was well remarked, and has been reiterated by all bosoms, that though in this world much has been given us to enjoy, we have still more to suffer. I had now nothing to enjoy, and all to suffer. I regarded the delights of the world as the hues of the serpent, for I well knew the sting beneath them, and took a path which led me from the snare.

A few months passed in this state of despairing fortitude, when my shattered senses were again called forth from their oblivion into sudden re-action and surprise. I am aware that what I am about to divulge will meet the scoffs of the captious and the idle; and even those most subject to the allurements of romance will startle in disbelief from a reality, which, as a fiction, they would contemplate with eagerness.

I had sunk to sleep at my usual hour, but my slumbers, like those of the guilty, were faithless and unrefreshing. I flung back the curtain, and reclining towards the window of my apartment, permitted my disturbed mind to indulge in those gay but fickle imaginings which are the sun-beams of youth's season. I endeavoured to trace in the intermingling of the stars the mazes of my destiny:—to solve the problem of my being. My soul ranged along that field of thought, gathering as it went the young dew of hope and comfort. —Suddenly, a strange light glancing through the chamber, came like the pitiless morning upon my dreams, and scattered their shadowy greatness. My eyes turned from the contemplation of those stars "that crowd the bosom of the sky," to gaze on one whose presence on the earth had driven me from my abode of joy and freedom. I saw before me the image of her who loved me, on whom hung my feelings and the recollections of scenes past. It was no dream;—my dreams had died in the very mockery of their birth. I saw her, but she was changed. Her eye, which had

once borne all the beautiful properties of the lightning, was fixed and dull. Her hair had escaped its bonds, and fell disordered and entangled upon her neck. Her feet were bare; but their white skin, and the flesh which had given form and beauty to them, were consumed as if by fire. A portion of the slight garments that enfolded her seemed scorched and withered by the same element. Her hands, clasped in the fervency of supplication, were pressed against her bosom, as if tortured by an intense and still advancing heat. The covering upon her young and delicate limbs could not hide the graces which hung round them, nor could the light veil upon her breast obscure its splendour, which shone like Dian in her snowy vest of cloud, and seemed as silent.

I feared to stir, to breathe—and yet her form seemed palpable as in those moments when I was wont to clasp it. But this semblance of reality gradually subsided, and after a few minutes, during which I had sunk inanimate upon my pillow, it "dissolved itself into a dew." It disappeared for ever. It left my sight destroyed and painful, for I could view nothing as before, and even that would have been happiness.

Frantic, however, with the conflict of passions within me, I was yet sensible to the force of one feeling mightier than the rest. My energies now returned to me with newly-acquired and imperative strength. I arose, and, in a few minutes, found myself at a considerable distance on the road to H—, whither my despised but victorious rival had borne his bride immediately upon their marriage. In an hour I reached the village. It was long past midnight, yet I heard a confused, and not very distant cry, as of a multitude in anxiety and terror. I perceived a light rising from the earth, and mingling with that pale and quivering one, which the thickly-starred canopy of night yielded to my agitated footsteps. I rushed onward to the spot, and the tumultuous and increasing din

broke terribly on my stricken heart. A turning in the path presented to me the entire scene of devastation. A massy pile of buildings, wrapt in the thick shadows of suffocating smoke, had fallen beneath the spreading influence of fire. I heard the sobs, the shrieks, the frantic words, and hopeless prayers, of those who had been snatched from the pitiless flame only to mourn the loss of home, of wealth, of aged parents, or of children. I wept bitterly; I was young, and could weep. At length one of the wretched beings for whom, for a moment unmindful of myself, I was thus grieving, approached to condole with me upon our common loss; offering, in the pure spirit of sincerity, what comfort he might, and leading me towards the habitation of his friend, where beassured me I should find repose. So true it is, that we are softened by sustained sorrow, into compassion for our fellows.

Suddenly I started from him. A figure advanced, whom, in the mingled light, I recognized for him who had laid my mind in ruins. He was the friend of my earliest thoughts; the pilot of my bark of knowledge. He now seemed mad with agony; but he knew my pale and sunken visage, and, wringing my hand in bitterness, passed hastily by me.

Ere I had time to feel the full conviction of all I had dreaded, another form came wild and despairing upon my sight. It was the husband of my heart's mistress. His soul was bowed to the dust. His vanity and self-love had fallen from their frail Eden. He had been smote by affliction, and felt, not as a philosopher, but as a man who had lost all, and remembers well the value of what once was his. We gazed mutually upon each other. He uttered a few words—I did not feel them; I did not hear them. I read his story in his eyes. I could weep no longer. She whom I so loved had died amidst the flames. That form which had been to me the image of all earthly, nay, all heavenly beauty, was crushed beneath the burning ruins of her bridal chamber. S. L. B.

**"REAL JOHN BULL," *versus*  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.**

*'A poor, decay'd, ingenious, FOOLISH,  
RASCALLY KNAVE.'*

All's Well that Ends Well.

We think it was that strange and versatile genius ("genius is *changing*," says BYRON) Cobbett, who drew a resemblance between a corrupt, political prosecution, and the chasing of a certain fœtid animal of America, whose odour is of that loathsome influence as frequently to nauseate the hunters from the pursuit, thereby gaining safety in its own filthiness.—Such an animal is this *REAL John Bull* in general; but to-day (Nov. 30,) it is not so offensive.—We have all the diversion of its awkwardness, without being disgusted with its usual brutality.—We can enjoy a laugh without "heaving the gorge;" therefore, in thankfulness for the amendment, in due consideration for the *REAL John Bull* retaining *all* its ignorance with somewhat less of its impudence, we shall proceed to notice his simplicity: when it has its general accompaniment, we forbear the attack from the same reason that stays the hunters above-named; and merely say with the *Clown*,—"Pry'thee allow the wind."

This gentleman (we apply the title in the same humour and meaning as my lord calls his valet "*sir*,") commences in a very harmless strain about *King John*, which he, (in all the spirit of information of *The REAL Bull*,) assures us is "a composition of William Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon;" and moreover, after giving us the author, adds "very wisely" that he had faults, which are most shockingly apparent in the controversy of the *Faulconbridges*; and the "vulgar dialogues" between the newly-dubbed *Sir Rich-*



ard and his mother—they teem with “disgusting ribaldry” and “gross humour.” Perhaps perfection cannot endow a greater valuation than when opposed to insignificance and meanness—is not the very feast of contrast in this—SHAKESPEARE and *The REAL Bull*?—Piteously laughable! But now for a touch of *figurative* excellence—“*C. Kemble* will never laurel his crown with so degrading a RAUBLE.” Pray, of what material is the original crown to be of which a *bauble* is to become a LEAF? You will answer with *Horatio*—“’Twere to consider it too curiously.” Likewise you have another saving clause—you don’t expect any of *your* readers to be so critical. Only fudge up something very funny, very coarse, and very brutal:—throw in a would-be innuendo, which, in your benevolence to give perfectly clear, you make a flat statement;—add a string of lies in a “Letter to the Editor,” and your work is done—the thing is complete—the regular *quantum* is made up—and we think it is doubtlessly a matter of self-congratulation to you if you escape Tuesday morning without “being honored in the *breech*” by the toe of a gentleman.—But to ‘*King John*.’—

*The REAL Bull* is very loyal; so much so, that he cannot bear to witness the representation of crimes committed by a “King of England.”—The touching brutality of *Hubert*, when he is about to exercise the mandate of *John*, is particularly obnoxious to his sensibilities.—We have discovered the same kind of feeling, when *Rolla* seizes the child of *Cora*, in the honest fear of a shuddering shop-keeper’s wife, accompanied with the hysteric exclamation—“he aint a-going to kill the little *cratur*.”—This, without doubt, gains the assent of feminine sympathy;—but, really he is too feeling

when he says “his heart *iced*\* in his frame.” His philanthropy will make him enemies; and, in fact, so envious is human nature, that we are not quite certain but his *superfine* double-milled feelings have not in a great measure provoked this answer. *Virtue* begets assailants; yet we must have accorded to him some share of the commodity, had not the kind impulse been prevented by the sequel to the following—

“Why, for the mere sake of costume, without an equal regard for appropriate WORDS and actions, in a time too when MURDERS are BESETTING us on every side, this King of no lands nor talent should appear before us in his crimes, is MOST improper and revolting! ”

By this rule, should any such simple gentleman as the *writer* of the above take it into his head to drown himself at the next representation of *Othello*, from the pure feeling of delicacy towards the departed—Iago must omit the line—

“Drown thyself! drown cats and blind PUPPIES,”

as agonizing the public mind by the recollection of *his* end! But for the following:—We have been already told that this horrible and revolting play *ices* the heart of this critic; and yet read this—

“The *lapse* too, between the acts is TIRESOME.”

The scenes are so shocking, and play such havoc with his sensibilities and bowels, and yet he complains of “the *lapse*,” that *staps* the process of making his heart an iceberg! But perhaps he follows the philosophy of the Old Bailey culprit, who exclaimed to the flagel-

\* This piece of ‘ice,’ must be of singular service to the Editor in the pursuance of *his* occupation.—*King John* congealing his heart of a Monday, he keeps in excellent trim for the Ed’s. desk the remainder of the week.—It is very palpable the *thaw* don’t set in before *The REAL* goes to press

lating *Jack Ketch*—"Hit quick, and let's have it soon over."

And now to conclude :—We leave this critic with the same feeling as we have heard a talkative cockcomb express his intention of quitting a mail coach some stages from its place of destination :—we have laughed at his folly, and been disgusted with his more dangerous qualities. But the contemptible trash !—to think how *any* class of readers can be so gulled. A man to exclaim against the *petrifying* effects of SHAKESPEARE, who would break into any privacy, or drag forth the most sacred occurrence for the public gaze, if by so doing he thought he could dispose of one more paper,—reckless of what feelings he had violated, or whose pillow shaken—Bah !!

α.

#### THE SEVEN WISE MEN OF DRURY.

*A new ballad to an old tune, to be sung in all Theatres Major and Minor.*

Greece had seven wise men, witty, sage, and grave,

And yet from ruin couldn't they her cities and cities save.

There is a proverb very old, we give it without wrath

"Too many cooks, (we're often told) are sure to spoil the broth."

Example take, ye managers, this adage keep in view,

"Who keeps more mousers than catch mice" are sure the same to rue.

Sing tooral tooral, &c.

In Garrick's time old Drury was at its proudest height,

And Avon's bard rose from his tomb in splendid robes of light.

The chieftain managed, acted too, and wrote some pleasant farces;

We've *Seven* now the same to do, with extra *nags* and *asses*.

It is but fair to give their names, and merits to the town,

If Robins, with his *catapults*, doesn't knock us down.

Sing tooral, &c.

First Robert William, majesty of all that's great and funny,

Loves wine a little, women more, and more than love's money:

The Copper Captain him we'll name, and tho' a decent actor,

The drama owes to him the *shame* of being her *detractor*.

Then *Mister Winston*,—but of him—"go ask all Drury round;

The muse will sing his merits great,—that is, *when they are found*.

Sing tooral, &c.

Next Alfred Bunn, or soft cake, who was but t'other day,

\* \* \* \* \* or something in that way;

A little portly personage, made up of brass and bluster,

A counterfeit from Brummagem, cas'd o'er with froth and fluster;

What brought him here we've yet to learn, to be great Bobby's hack:

We only wish the Button Men would take the gemman back.

Sing tooral, &c.

Wallack's youth may him excuse for joining such a group,

And managing *mad* melodram's with Astley's *worn-out* troop;

But take a friend's advice, *Jem*, you've figure, face and merit,

Be made a *tool* by no man;—you do not want for spirit.

Tho' young, be cautious; learn to know, when you have done your best,

You'll be insulted, or dismiss'd, or turn'd off, like the rest.

Sing tooral, &c.

But where is Tommy Dibdin, with puns and pantomime:

An old volcano burnt out, he seeks another clime.

With Morris at the new house he'll farces make galore;

While harlequin and colombine are left to Barrymore.

Here are all the seven worthies in order as they go;

And seven such were never seen on any stage I trow.

Sing tooral, &c.

But there are *seven others* yet, and *seven* more to these,

Who manage *all things* in their way, and do just as they please;

For tragedy there's Edmund Kean, for comedy John Liston,

John Braham opera I ween, what Kitty don't insist on.

Sententious Terry writes dull plays, and Bill Moncrief had farces,

George Robins manages the whale, and whom he pleases passes.

Sing tooral, &c.

## Theatrical Diary.

DRURY LANE.

November 27th, *Rob Roy Macgregor*, Cataract.—28th, *Caius Gracchus*, Deaf as a Post, Cataract.—29th, *Rivals*, Cataract.—December 1st, *Hypocrite*, Love, Law, and Physic.—2nd, *Macbeth*, Cupid and Folly, Killing no Murder.—3rd, *Pizarro*, Cataract.—4th, *Hypocrite*, Deaf as a Post, Cataract.—5th, *Winter's Tale*, Cataract.—6th, *Rob Roy*, Cataract.—8th, *Richard 3d*, Love, Law, and Physic.—9th, *Guy Mannering*, Cataract.—10th, *Hypocrite*, Ballet, Cataract.—11th, *Cabinet*, Ballet, *All the World's a Stage*.—12th, *Othello*, Ballet, Deaf as a Post.

### CAIUS GRACCHUS.

This tragedy has, since its first production, been so curtailed, that it now occupies little more than two hours in representation. We have seen it twice since our last, and have no reason to alter the opinion we then expressed of its merits.—

As a poem it possesses but little claim to our favor, and as an acting play it is inferior to '*Virginius*.'

Had Mr. KNOWLES given it the name of an historical play it would have been the most appropriate title; but the very sound of tragedy leads us to expect something more than well arranged incidents, and polished versification. At any other house, and played by any other actor than MACREADY, *Caius Gracchus* would have failed; but his masterly acting carries it through most triumphantly.

### HYPOCRITE.

On this evening (Dec. 1.) this house was graced by the presence of his Majesty, and the usual attendants on such occasions. The box in which the King sat was fitted up in a style of studied elegance, and the theatre, which was oppressively crowded, had a splendid appearance. 'The King's name is a tower of strength,' and accordingly the butterflies of fashion fluttered around the 'god of their idolatry.' The audience were most annoyingly loyal.—We are no radicals; but we like a quiet sort of respect for the head of the executive, and moreover we admire the national anthem as much as

any man; but we are not over fond of having it thrust down our throats three or four times in one evening, as was the case on this occasion. But enough of this folly. The comedy was played in a style worthy for

"Kings to behold the swelling scene."

DOWTON's *Dr. Cantwell*, displayed to the life the fawning, subtle hypocrite, who, under color of 'sweet religion' and holy sanctity, meditates the destruction of his patron's honor, and his wife's chastity, with the truths of 'holy writ' in his mouth, while his heart is the seat of lust, villainy, and ingratitude.—Such a picture (and we are afraid there are too many duplicates of it in real life) is a proper subject for exposure on the stage; and a fine moral lesson is taught mankind every time it is played. LISTON's *Maw-worm* is, bating a little caricature, very amusing. The Colonel of WALLACK, and Charlotte of Mrs. W. WEST, are distinguished for all becoming propriety and elegance. '*Love, Law, and Physic*,' and *God save the King* again, finished the performance. The Cockney of LISTON appeared to be highly relished by 'the Lord's anointed,' who laughed and applauded vehemently.

A silly attempt was made, and we are ashamed to say successfully, to create a precedent for encoring speeches as well as songs. We only notice it for its absurdity, and trust it will never fall to our lot to witness a repetition of such folly,

## ROB ROY.

Miss STEPHENS made her first appearance on Saturday in *her own Diana Vernon*. It would be as unnecessary to say she executed the airs of the character with sweetness and taste, as to talk of the sun at the tropics or icebergs at the pole: she appeared in excellent health and spirits, and was applauded as she deserves. MACREADY's performance of the *Macgregor* was nervous and energetic. BROWNE displayed powers of no ordinary cast in *Dougal*:—it was a performance of great merit. The clan's-man's devoted attachment to his chieftain, and the scream of joy on beholding its object, were forcibly and naturally portrayed. We have no violent affection for a trading Scotchman, but if all 'Glasgow weavers' are like LISTON's *Nicol Jarvie*, they are amusing if not estimable. Mrs. BUNN's person and voice are so suitable to *Helen Macgregor*, that it is scarcely necessary to add the character was played most ably.

## RICHARD 3d.

After many announcements, KEAN appeared in this part on Monday last:—his reception, by one of the fullest houses of the season, was in the highest degree flattering. The pit loudly cheered him, and the boxes and galleries were no less anxious to evince their delight at seeming him again on the boards of this theatre:—his appearance certainly indicated indisposition: he looked pale, and his face somewhat thinner than last season; but his acting has lost none of those flashes of genius, that vividness of coloring, and intensity of feeling, for which he is distinguished above all other actors. In fact, he appeared to us to play the first three acts with more care than on any former occasion. At this period of the play, MERCER claimed the indulgence of the

audience for him, on the ground of physical debility. For ourselves we saw no reason for this appeal, if we except a more than usual weakness of voice, which was certainly apparent through the remainder of the play; but it was like a tremendous torrent checked for a moment by an embarrassment only to become more furious from its temporary obstruction. The organs, it must be confessed, refused their office; but the fire of soul was pure, bright and powerful! WALLACK played *Richmond* with spirit and good taste. Mrs. WEST's *Queen* was admirable: her grief was natural and affecting, without having that 'emphasis and show of sorrow' for which some actresses have been so lauded, Miss SMITHSON's *Lady Anne* was a very careless inefficient performance: she ought to restudy it. ARCHER, in *King Henry*, was cold, formal and monotonous:—he heard of his son's death as if the messenger had communicated an every day tale of 'unair'd shirts.' Do, Mr. A. for the sake of novelty at this cold season, give us a little *fire and animation*, instead of your eternal freezing declamation, and measured action.—For

"Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his ancestors cut in alabaster?"  
out with it!—A little more energy, and you are a *fiat* in London:—we mean well, therefore don't despise us.

## GUY MANNERING.

BRAHAM made his first appearance this season on Tuesday, in *Henry Bertram*, and was in fine voice, as the phrase is, which means a great deal in a very little space. To the songs of the opera he added *Love's Young Dream*, *Scots Wha' Hae*, and the duet of *Now Hope Now Fear*, with Miss POVEY, all of which were executed in the most masterly style of unequalled

science and taste;—his reception by a crowded audience was of the most enthusiastic kind. BROWNE played *Dirk Hatteraik* extremely well. SHERWIN'S *Dinmont* is decidedly the best of the present day, and displayed such humor as to excite surprise at *that taste* which keeps him in the back ground. Mrs BUNN'S *Meg Merrilies* was a very clever performance.

#### THE CABINET.

The success of this opera at the other house has stimulated its revival here. When it is remembered that BRAHAM composed the music of *Prince Orlando* to suit his own powers, it is not unlikely that he should leave all competitors at a fearful distance. Highly as we thought and expressed of SINCLAIR, justice compels us to give the palm to BRAHAM in this part:—the latter sung all the songs which originally belonged to the opera '*Fair Ellen*,'—the *Beautiful Maid*, and the *Polacca*, the last of which was twice encoored, and richly merited the distinction; it was a splendid union of melody and finished execution. Miss STEPHENS' *Floretta* was not so lively as we have seen it; but it was still a pleasing specimen of good acting. DOWTON'S *Peter* was bluff and seamanish. HARLEY, the stock *Whimsicula* of both houses, was lively and entertaining.—BROWN, as the *Old Marquis*, and Miss FORDE'S *Constantia*, were both very good. The opera, from

the many encores, was extended to an unusual length.

#### OTHELLO.

Mr. KEAN'S re-appearance as the *Moor* drew together a numerous and splendid audience. The character is invested by the poet with all those peculiar attributes which immediately belong to Mr. KEAN'S acknowledged excellence. There is a fulness and intensity of passion, a listlessness of circumstance, a sleepless tumult of pervading feeling, which he only can enter into. The surface of delight or terror is not for him; a mind 'to comprehend the universe' plunges into untried depths, and struggles through the darkness of peril, into light and being. It is a performance, we think, almost worthy of embodying the beautiful spirit which SHAKESPEARE has presented to us: it was greeted with the most ardent applause. WALLACK played *Iago* for the first time; his powers are not adapted to the part. There is too much physical display in some of the scenes;—divested of its *trickery*, it might be considered 'a clever thing.' *Roderigo*, in Mr. BROWNE'S hands, is less of a buffoon than we have been accustomed to see him. *Emilia* was sustained by Mrs. FAUCIT from 'the other house.' We are very happy in the existence of the prevailing feeling on the part of the managers, and that each 'knows how to love himself.' Mrs. W. WEST is precisely what *Desdemona* ought to be.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

November 27th, Cabinet, *Timour the Tartar*.—28th, King John, *Timour the Tartar*.—29th, Cabinet, *Timour*.—December 1st, King John, *Timour*.—2nd, Guy Mannering, *Timour*.—3d, Cabinet, *Timour*.—4th, School for Scandal, *Cortez*.—5th, Man of the World, *Clari*.—6th, Guy Mannering, *Timour*.—8th, King John, *Cortez*.—9th, Cabinet, *Timour*.—10th, Man of the World, *Clari*.—11th, Lord of the Manor, *Timour*.—12th, Vespers of Palermo, *Cortez*.

GUY MANNERING.

Mr. SINCLAIR has appeared as *Henry Bertram*. We do not think

this selection very judicious: Carlos would have been a more successful effort, the music being more

adapted to Mr. S.'s style of singing than that of *Guy Mannering*. We would rather have had retained the customary introduction of *Love's Young Dream*, than it should have given place to *Auld Lang Syne*, which, though in itself beautiful, lost a portion of its simplicity, as allotted on the evening in question. *Dominic Sampson* was never more amiable and eccentric than in the care of *FARREN*. *COOKE* was the true 'half-devil half Dutchman,' of the novelist; and *ABBOTT* and *BLANCHARD*, as *Colonel Mannering* and *Gilbert Glossin*, a most excellent contrast of the true gentleman and the litigious bully. We wish *RAYNER* would in his comedy, divest himself of that pausing, sonorous method of expression; it is a check to the hearty profession which should flow spontaneously from the honest *Dandie Dinmont*; his face should shew his disposition: the rough, yet noble workmanship of nature. There was but little of this in *RAYNER's Dandie*; it was but a faint outline of glowing, riotous honesty.

Miss *TREE* re-appeared for the first time since her illness, as *Lucy Bertram*. An admiring audience by their warmest plaudits, spoke their contempt and unbelief of that petty cavil, and illiberal inuendo, which genius draws upon itself, even from its fascination. She sang the music, and played the orphan *Lucy*, with captivating sweetness. Miss *HAMMERSLEY*, as *Julia Mannering*, was pleasing, yet her voice wants much cultivation. Mrs. *DAVENPORT* inspired us with the kindest feelings towards the hostess of the Gordon arms. *Meg Merrilies* was consigned to Mrs. *FAUCIT*, and in many points met with due attention, particularly her encounter with *Dominic Sampson*; but at intervals a chaunting tone prevailed

in the expression of *Meg's* command, somewhat at variance with the firm, determined dicta of the 'Gipsy wife.' Miss *DUNN*, as a young *Bohemian*, executed her allotted music with tasteful simplicity, that led us to expect more with time.

His Majesty's visit to this house on Wednesday, brought a very numerous and elegant audience. A box was fitted up in the most costly style, and he was received at the doors by the managers in full court suits. On the King's entrance into the theatre, the audience most loudly cheered. God save the King was sung and repeated:—the same unmeaning shouts demanded it again and again, and this is what the court scribes call 'the glorious meeting between a beloved constitutional monarch and his happy people.' Buz! buz! we are sick of this bladder blowing. The opera of the '*Cabinet*' went off with spirit. '*Timour the Tartar*' followed. The King bowed with a grace 'beyond the reach of art' to his doating subjects.—The same ceremony attended his exit. The horse guards trotted after their master, and the happy audience retired delighted to their homes, blessed with the condescension of royalty!

"Tis not mere splendour makes the show august

To eye or heart,—it is the people's trust."

#### THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

Mr. *YOUNG* has appeared as *Sir Pertinax Macgryphant*, and has, from its representation, acquired a fame equally great as particular from his general talents. *Sir Pertinax* is in its character assuredly a tragedian's:—the strong yet condensed passions of the abject Scotchman call for that nicety of observance and strength of development only arising from the devotion of first class genius. *Sir Pertinax*



is in himself an ordinary, and unfortunately, an every-day, man; but his habits and manners are so interwoven and confounded with natural peculiarity and prejudice, as to render the portrait one of the most difficult. Divested of his national garb, he is the open, uncovered, cool-blooded, calculating, mercenary being. It is only the character of the Scotchman, that throws a filthy veil over the still filthier mass of human corruption, and hides, with the white sign of general love and candour, the brutal workings of interest, prostituting all that's estimable to the shrine of besotted wealth, and heedless folly. He is the very being of adulation—the embroidered reptile of a court, the 'candied' hound to lick the foot of affluence, and bear with patient meekness the changeful atmosphere of great men's eyes.—One who will let the storm pass over unchided, and bask more in the returning sun, from his forbearance in the hurricane.—He is shut out from all feeling—all joys of sympathy:—he stands isolated amid hundreds,—buried from that social communication of thought arising from kindlier natures.—The husband is dead within him: parental affection he has none, for it is evident he does not seek to invest his son with his nauseous patronage from the true yearnings of the father; no! the child, placed in high employment, yields no other feeling to the parent, than as the *memento* of his workings. The elevation of the son is the monument which records the father's industry. The consideration and obeisance paid to Egerton, would be applied by Sir Pertinax to himself.—This is *Macsycophant*, a man without a soul; a mind, if we except that plodding abasement of the latter which draws its enjoyment from the most pollute source, and to the

attainment of which, all impulse of feeling, generosity, and true manhood, is compromised and lost.

The above opinions were fully illustrated by Mr. YOUNG: his first scene with Egerton, was excellently descriptive of the spirit of the grovelling knight:—and the rigid face of command to his son, instantly relaxing into dimpling acquiescence with his dupe, Lord Lumbercourt, formed a painful shew of the wreck of principle. The description of his method adopted to make his fortune was equally successful. He drew a faithful and humorous (if humour can be extracted from such prostitution of soul) picture of his wooing, with his subsequent introduction and proceedings in Parliament:—but the finest effort of the evening was that, where he asks of Egerton his instant determination of marrying Lady Rodolph—'aye, or no?'—YOUNG appeared in the question, as though the hopes, the workings of his life were depending on the decision. It is the only human moment of Sir Pertinax, and YOUNG assuredly endowed it with a most charitable share of feeling—it made us for an instant pity the father, for we forgot the man. Mr. YOUNG acted the part to the end with much genuine taste and decision of character.—If there was any failing, it was a deficiency of grossness in the debased Scot;—a want we most readily pardon.

COOPER, as Egerton, was as much as the part can be,—sensible, as was ABBOTT in *Sydney*.—BARTLEY made the wishy-washy Lord Lumbercourt less contemptible than the author:—his Lordship was a very tolerable companion.

Mrs. GIBBS, that queen of chambermaids, played Betty Hint in her best style:—her scene with

*Sidney* was the waiting-woman and the woman. Miss BEAUMONT, as *Constantia*, possessed all that helplessness which makes her sex more lovely. Mr. C. KEMBLE, you are accounted a tolerable judge of what a lady *should be*, do you think Mrs. PEARCE any thing near the semblance as *Lady Macsycophant*?—We had nearly forgotten *Lady Rodolpha*; we wish we could;—it was attempted by Mrs. CHATERLEY, who assuredly evinced all the wish to be very fascinating, arch, and lovely;—but it was the most unsuccessful and detracting performance of the night. We had nothing to remind us of the *Scotch* maiden, if we except a plaid scarf.—We had ‘more’ in one line—‘mair’ in another,—and ‘moor’ in the next; a combination of strange sounds, an ineffective volubility, and a *solitary* disposition to laughter, were the sum total of the merits of Mrs. CHATTERLEY’s *Lady Rodolpha*.—By the bye, we noticed Mrs. DAVISON in the boxes:—we hope Mrs. C. did not—if she did, we may pardon her some few errors as arising from *confusion*.

#### VESPERS OF PALERMO.

This tragedy, from the pen of Mrs. HEMANS, was produced on Friday evening, preceded by that general pioneer to the *corps dramatique*, a ti-tum-ti prologue, spoken by ABBOTT, to the old tune of—“*A begging we will go*.” The incidents of this tragic melo-drama are as follow:—

The scene is Sicily.—*Count di Procida*, (YOUNG) has been exiled by the usurpers of his native country; he “carries up and down a discontented and repining spirit”—mixes with all ranks to awaken them to revenge and honorable action.—He returns to Palermo, where he encounters his son, from whom he has been for years divided; this son, *Raimond di Procida*, (C. KEMBLE) is at the court of the French

Viceroy, the officer of the usurping power, and is attached to his sister *Constance* (Miss F. H. KELLY). His father gains *Raimond* to his cause, and the pretended nuptials of *Eribert* (the Viceroy) with *Vittoria*, the late affianced bride of the Sicilians’ murdered monarch, are to yield the signal for rising. *Eribert* is killed by *Procida*, and *Raimond* refusing to betray *Constance*, is, by the malignant envy of *Montalba*, (YATES) a Sicilian Nobleman, arraigned as swerving from the articles of faith and ultimately condemned by his agonized father (whose high sense of honor is worked on by the machinations of *Montalba*) to a traitor’s death. *De Couci*, one of the Viceroy’s party, has escaped the general massacre, and leads on his troops against the Sicilians. *Vittoria* is mortally wounded, whilst exhorting the soldiers to their duty, and enters the prison of *Raimond*, whose release she effects, and dies. *Raimond* rushes to the fight, turns the fortune of the day, but receives a death-blow in the war: he receives the blessing of his father, and *Constance* dies by her lover’s side.

Such is a brief outline of the work. Its literary merits are assuredly of no mean order;—but there wants a concentration of interest—the performance of the great action is so divided and parcelled as to lose its natural effect;—the scenes are too hurried, and a quick and unnecessary fluctuation of circumstance detracting from that steady disposition which ought to prevail through the tragic scene. YOUNG, as the patriot and the father, breathed throughout a nobility and awfulness of purpose; but the stride and menace of the giant were too frequently lessened by the intrusion of mere wire-drawn puppets. His scene where he discloses himself to his son, teemed with the overflow of parental fondness, and his self-preparation for the aspicions of the caballing *Montalba*, equally felicitous. C. KEMBLE was the noble devoted youth, one whose manly professions were more than quit by practice. BENNETT,

as *Eribert*, evinced much taste and sound judgment; as did *YATES* in the sneering revengeful Sicilian. *CHAPMAN* was more than correct in the *Hermit*; but it was most ridiculous to find an eremite leaving his skull and simples to plead in halls, and roam in battle-fields. *BAKER's Guido* was gentlemanly and soldier-like.

Miss F. H. KELLY played *Constance*. We could not but wonder when we contrasted her first appearance in *Juliet*, when even a motion of her arm was approved by huzzas and plaudits, and the illiberal watchfulness that seized upon every occasion which this young lady's unfortunate propensity to the lachrymal too frequently proffered. Miss F. H. KELLY can never sustain the walk she aspires to upon a London stage; but let those gentlemen who were so industrious in their goose-like efforts pass over a young female's defects in silence—a lack of applause is nearly equivalent to so unfeeling a mode of disapprobation. We would advise this young lady to retire; she may have talent, but public opinion is changed, and the current is irresistible. *MRS. BARTLEY* played *Vittoria*. *Mrs. B.* has the defect of *MISS KELLY* matured—Miss K. whines, *MRS. BARTLEY* indulges the same music in a lower key.

The Tragedy, though written with much talent, is not dramatic, and cannot remain long before the public.

An epilogue of some point was spoken with effect by *MRS. CHAT-TERLEY*, who, upon this occasion, did not smile so much for applause, and in consequence received more.

*CLARI* has been played as a second piece, and must ever please whilst it embodies the fascinating efforts of Miss *TREE*. Miss *LOVE* is very amusing, very confident,

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and very *Francaise*. We like *MEADOWS* much; but Mr. M. only speak the author—that was a most discouraging sound which followed your little original flight of “nasty particular.”

*CORTEZ* has been reduced to two acts, it is now bearable, and may take its turn with the ‘*Forty Thieves*,’ and ‘*Mother Goose*,’

### COBURG.

This Theatre; we are afraid, for want of a little spirit and liberality on the part of the propriety, is rapidly declining in public estimation. We can remember the time when the Coburg, even at this season of the year, could boast of full houses, good pieces, and the best minor actors; but now a small company scarcely possessing an actor who can read,—a gloomy and dirty interior, pieces that would disgrace a booth at Bartholomew fair, and scenery and decorations,—the one torn and ill-painted, and the other greased and tarnished;—these are its claims to notoriety, and the means by which it is distinguished from its fellows. Comparisons are odious, to be sure; but our duty compels us to contrast times past with those in which we ‘live and breathe’—*item*.—Huntley, J. P. Cooke, H. Kemble, Rowbotham and Bengough—*per contra*—Stanley, Burroughs, Hill, Musgrave, and Lewis, minus the *per contra* considerable. *Item*. ladies—Misses Taylor, Edmiston, and Watson, and Mrs. Sheppard. —*Creditor*—the gentle Mrs. Pope, and the ungentle Mrs. Stanley,—minus *per contra* again, small divided. —*Singers*—Jones, Mrs. Tennant, Miss Johnson,—*per contra*—insolvent,—no assets. *Irishmen*—late Bryant—present Dobbs, pretty equal—old Men Davidge vice to Bennett—minus

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present—general balance—good and useful actors, all on the debtor side.—per contra none.

*Incumbrances late present*  
None. Messrs Sloman,  
Bradley, Musgrave,  
Lewis, Stanley, &c.  
&c. &c. &c.

A single glance at this estimate will answer the question why have they empty benches?—The public are too enlightened to put up with fustian rant and unmeaning bellowings, in place of judicious acting, and sensible dialogue.

“Look on this picture and on this.”

### OLYMPIC THEATRE.

The Manager here has been unremitting in his exertions to merit public favour; but which, we are sorry to find, has not received its deserved reward. The pieces noticed in our last have been repeated, and to these have been added an agreeable new one intitled ‘*Loves Vagaries*.’—If, as we are informed, it is the first attempt of its author, we augur much from so favourable a beginning; but we should advise him in his future efforts not to interlard his dialogue with the too common vice of *punning*:—these fooleries are well enough in their way, and excite laughter; but still they are *aliens* to true wit, from which alone our merriment should spring.—The characters are consistent, and well contrasted with each other; the incidents are not altogether new, but are such as create mirth, and that answers the same purpose; the dialogue is always smart, and occasionally something better.—POWER bustles through *Rattle* with much humour. CROOKE is as *quiet* and well-behaved a lover as any lady of scrupulous delicacy could desire.

Miss STUART sang and acted the Servant with spirit.—LANCASTER, as *Apollo Pennywhistle*, though “we’ve an idea” it was not exactly what the author intended, yet it was very good for him. We are told this gentleman has *wined* a little under our correction, and profited by our advice:—we are glad of it—we applied the rod to correct, not dispirit, and we are sure it has done him good, as he now plays with more care than formerly.

A very stupid burlesque, y’clept the ‘*Death of Gioranni*,’ has also been produced:—it appears to have been compiled from GREENWOOD’s ‘*Death of Tom and Jerry*,’ played at the Coburg; it has all the blaguardism but without the wit of that piece:—it is too contemptible for further notice.

### THE “QUIP MODEST.”

*A Sketch, as acted at Beau Street.*

#### DRAM. PERS.

SIR RICHARD BURN-YE, a *Barren-knight*,—one of the “*cust-alorum* and *rat-alorum*.”

ROBERT WILLIAM L-LISTON, (Emperor of Puffers,—Grand Cham,—Three tailed Bashaw, and *soi-disant* “KING GEORGE the FOURTH of ENGLAND!!”

SWEET-BULLY WIN-PEBBLE, (One of the Bashaw’s Tails—A hack, *morris’d* from the Haymarket, now at *livery* in Drury Lane—“sleek as a dray-horse” to the “Six,” but a perfect *nag* to green-coat men,—call-boy, &c.—Grand dispenser of mole-candles, and double orders—inspector-general of house-cloths and hair-brooms,—with many *trifling* et ceteras.)

MISTER CHOLER, (A swindled *loyalist*,—complaining of *not being taken in*.)  
*Clerks of the Check Officers*, (satirically called *civil*.) &c. &c.

## SCENE I.

SIR RICHARD *discovered seated near the Hall*, Some ladies are retiring to the tread-mill, as Mr. CHOLER *enters*, followed by WIN-PEBBLE.

Choler. Sir Richard, I have all the inexpressible and much-envied honor attached to the subject of King George the Fourth, whom heaven of its grace preserve:—so sing the Irish peasantry, and bricklayers of Brighton.—Well, Sir Richard—King George came to Drury-Lane Theatre, guarded—(you know, Sir Richard, the King and the Lottery-wheels always have soldiers) Feeling all the inquisitive yearnings of a loyal subject, I presented myself up seven shillings at the box-door—was beguiled of my money—and away I ran to the lobby. Now, Sir Richard, altho' it made my loyal heart rejoice to see so many gentlemen elbowing and rumping fainting females—in trial of precedence,—yet think of my despair, when not a morsel could I see of the great founded of Pavilions, and projector of horse-guard jackets—not a curl of his sacred Majesty's inestimable wig was visible. [*Here SIR RICHARD appears SENSIBLY to sympathize with the gentleman's disappointment.*]—Well, Sir Richard, indignant at the swindle, having been assured by those caitiffs (*pointing to Clerks of CHECK*) that there was a King to be seen—I returned with sundry other gentlemen to demand my seven shillings—Mr. L-Liston would not refund—and I appeal—[*SIR RICHARD throws an enquiring glance upon the FACTOTUM (some may read "teetotum,") WIN-PEBBLE, who steps forward, (of course) bowing.*—

Win-pebble. Sir Richard, I am deputed to say by Robert William L-Liston, Esq.—Messrs Robins, Bunn, Kean, Macready, Liston, Braham, Wallack, Dildin, Barrymore, with the other managers, that they are willing to give to Mr. Choler an admission for any other evening.

Choler. (*indignantly,*) Any other

evening, Sir?—I want to see a King, Sir!—a King.—

Win-pebble. Well, Sir, you shall see Mr. L-Liston in the next Coronation.—

Choler. But where, Sir, is Mr. L-Liston's liberality? where his liberality, Sir?

Win-pebble. (*appealing to the bench,*) I trust, Sir Richard, Mr. L-Liston's liberality has nothing to do with this business.

Sir Richard. Not in the least, we can receive no unknown witness.

Choler. But besides this swindle, (*Win-pebble, don't start at the word*) Mr. Win-pebble assured me, when I called at his stall this morning, that you, Sir Richard, had accused me of riotous behaviour.

Win-pebble. I never saw you before; nor did I say so.

Choler. It's a lie, Sir!—

Win-pebble. (*with Christian-like resignation, placing his hand between his coat and waistcoat.*)—Upon MY HONOR, no!—

(*All appear AMAZED at this, it is quite an UNEXPECTED incident.*)

Sir Richard. I have sent for Mr. L-Liston, Mr. Choler, and—oh! here he comes!

Enter MR. L-LISTON, Clerks of Check box.

L-LISTON. (*his face crimp'd like a prentice's holiday frill with a smile in each fold,*)—Sir Richard, I hope you are well;—Lady B. and family!—fine house last night—would lay anyman two hundred thousand pounds, not so good at Covent Garden.

Sir Richard. Very full, indeed;—but here is a gentleman who sues for a return of seven shillings;—you know when the King visited your theatre.

L-Liston. (*dropping his hat,—clapping his hands and raising his eyes earnestly to the ceiling,*)—The King!—God bless the King!—Long live His Majesty!—

Sir Richard. Very good, Sir!—but if you remember this gentleman, last night,

being disappointed of a seat, required you to refund his money

*L-Liston.* Refund, Sir Richard!—why it is very well known that is quite out of my way.

*Sir Richard.* You refused, then?

*L-Liston.* Really, my good Sir Richard, there must have been room—MY SERVANTS say so—gentlemen of indubitable honor,—men of talent,—pay'em eighteen-pence per night.

*Sir Richard.* But do you not remember the gentleman's application to you last evening.

*L-Liston.* How could I possibly, Sir Richard, give any reasonable answer last night—I remember a something, a message sent, just as I had quitted His Majesty—but at such a time, when I had been revelling in the smile of my Monarch—when even my button-hole had been rendered precious by the glance of sovereignty—was I in a state to be called back to the dirty affairs of this world,—I did not know how I decided.

*Sir Richard.* But your decision was of your own side it appears.

*L-Liston.* All owing to *instinct*.

*Choler.* Do you still refuse, Sir?

*L-Liston.* My dear Sir, if you were aware of the overpowering business of my establishment,—the immense responsibility I owe to the public,—I am sure, Sir,—that is, I am certain, as a gentleman, as one of the patrons of the Theatre, you would not insist upon so strange a proceeding;—I will desire Mr. Winpebble to give you a ticket for any other evening.

*Choler.* That will not do, Sir! I paid to see the King.

*L-Liston.* I congratulate you upon that feeling which prompted you to seek the divinest sovereign of the habitable world; but I cannot return any money! You shall have a ticket when I play *Rorer* or *Harry Dornton!* in which parts you will have the pleasure of being present when I look extremely overpowered with gratitude—bow,—put my

hand to my heart, and talk about fine feeling and gentlemanlike conduct.

(*Having said this, L-LISTON hurries out, WINPEBBLE after him, Clerks of Check bring up the rear, and SIR RICHARD, not being able to meddle in affairs of conscience, dismisses the swindled CHOLER.*)

## Literary Review.

### THE VESPERS OF PALERMO.

*A Tragedy, by MRS. HEMANS.*

In the choice of her subject, the fair authoress of this poem has been most happy; for what incidents can be more likely to excite the powerful feelings of our nature, than those of a gallant people struggling for their birthright—liberty. Although we have fully detailed (in our critique of its representation) the plot of this Tragedy, we still deem it necessary to refer to it, in order to prove the opinion we entertain of its merits is fully borne out. It is founded on the revolt of the Sicilians in the twelfth century, against the government of *Charles the Ninth, Duke of Anjou*, the tyrannical acts of whose officers goad the natives to desperation, and determine them, by a blow, to shake off the yoke of slavery, and annihilate the French power in Sicily. The piece opens with a group of peasants, who feelingly describe the injuries heaped on them by their haughty masters. The *Count di Procida*, a proscribed Sicilian of noble birth, mingles among them, and finding them apt to his designs, thus urges them to action:

*Count di Procida.* There is hope  
For all who suffer with indignant thoughts  
Which work in silent strength.  
What! think ye Heaven



O'erlooks th' oppressor, if he bear  
awhile

His crested head on high?—I tell  
you, no!

Th' avenger will not sleep. It was  
an hour

Of triumph to the conqueror, when  
our king,

Our young brave Conradin, in life's  
fair morn,

On the red scaffold died. Yet not  
the less

Is justice throned above; and her  
good time

Comes rushing on in storms: that  
royal blood

Hath lifted an accusing voice from  
earth,

And hath been heard. The traces  
of the past

Fade in *man's* heart, but ne'er doth  
Heaven forget.

*Peasant.* Had we but arms and  
leaders, we are men

Who might earn vengeance yet;  
but wanting these,

What would'st thou have us do?

*Procida.* Be vigilant;

And when the signal wakes the  
land, arise!

The peasant's arm is strong, and  
there shall be

A rich and noble harvest. Fare ye  
well.

*Vittoria*, a Sicilian lady, (the  
affianced bride of the late king,  
who had been put to death by the  
French,) is beloved by *Eribert*, the  
French Viceroy, but who treats him  
with scorn, until *Procida* unfolds  
to her the progress of the conspi-  
racy, when she consents to lull the  
suspicions of *Eribert*, by seeming  
to yield to his suit. The whole of  
the first and second acts are oc-  
cupied in ripening the plans for the  
revolt, with the single exception  
of a scene of great merit between  
*Raimond*, the son of *Procida*, and  
*Constance*, the sister of *Eribert*, to  
whom he is attached. We quote  
a portion of it to shew how ably  
the authoress describes "youth's  
joyous dream."

*Raimond di Procida.* Haply, were  
I gone,

Thou would'st resume thyself, and  
dwell once more

In the clear sunny light of youth  
and joy,

E'en as before we met—before we  
loved!

*Constance.* This is but mockery.  
—Well thou know'st thy love

Hath given me nobler being; made  
my heart

A home for all the deep sublimities  
Of strong affection; and I would

not change

Th' exalted life I draw from that  
pure source,

With all its chequer'd hues of hope  
and fear,

Ev'n for the brightest calm. Thou  
most unkind!

Have I deserved this?

*Raimond.* Oh! thou hast deserved  
A love less fatal to thy peace than

mine.

Think not 'tis mockery!—But I can-  
not rest

To be the scorn'd and trampled  
thing I am

In this degraded land. Its very  
skies,

That smile as if but festivals were  
held

Beneath their cloudless azure,  
weigh me down

With a dull sense of bondage, and  
I pine

For freedom's charter'd air. I  
would go forth

To seek my noble father; he hath  
been

Too long a lonely exile, and his  
name

Seems fading in the dim obscurity  
Which gathers round my fortunes.

*Constance.* Must we part?  
And is it come to this?—Oh! I have

still

Deem'd it enough of joy with *thee*  
to share

E'en grief itself—and now—but this  
is vain;

Alas! too deep, too fond, is wo-  
man's love,

Too full of hope, she casts on trou-  
bled waves

The treasures of her soul!

*Raimond.* Oh, speak not thus!  
Thy gentle and desponding tones

fall cold

Upon my inmost heart.—I leave  
thee but

To be more worthy of a love like  
thine.

For I have dreamt of fame!—A few  
short years,

And we may yet be blest.

*Constance.* A few short years!  
Less time may well suffice for death

and fate

To work all change on earth!—To  
break the ties  
Which early love had form'd; and  
to bow down  
Th' elastic spirit, and to blight each  
flower  
Strewn in life's crowded path!—But  
be it so!  
Be it enough to know that happiness  
Meets thee on other shores.

The discovery made by *Raimond*, of the Count being his father, is also a scene of great beauty and pathos. Urged by his father, *Raimond* joins the conspirators, and the general meeting of them takes place.

Here again we are presented with speeches of the most impassioned eloquence. *Montalba's* description of the murder of his wife and children by the French, is powerfully effective,—

*Montalba.* And know you not my story?

*Procida.* In the lands  
Where I have been a wanderer,  
your deep wrongs  
Were number'd with our country's;  
but their tale  
Came only in faint echoes to mine ear.  
I would fain hear it now.

*Mon.* Hark! while you spoke,  
There was a voice-like murmur in  
the breeze,  
Which ev'n like death came o'er  
me:—'twas a night  
Like this, of clouds contending with  
the moon,  
A night of sweeping winds of rust-  
ling leaves,  
And swift wild shadows floating o'er  
the earth,  
Clothed with a phantom-life; when,  
after years

Of battle and captivity, I spurr'd  
My good steed homewards. Oh!  
what lovely dreams

Rose on my spirit!—There were  
tears and smiles,

But all of joy!—And there were  
bounding steps,  
And clinging arms, whose passion-  
ate clasp of love

Doth twine so fondly round the war-  
rior's neck,

When his plumed helm is doff'd.—  
Hence, feeble thoughts!

—I am sterner now, yet once such  
dreams were mine!

*Raimond.* And were they realiz'd?

*Mon.* Youth! Ask me not,  
But listen!—I drew near my own  
fair home;

There was no light along its walls,  
no sound

Of bugle pealing from the watch-  
tower's height

At my approach, although my  
trampling steed

Made the earth ring; yet the wide  
gates were thrown

All open.—Then my heart misgave  
me first,

And on the threshold of my silent  
hall

I paused a moment, and the wind  
swept by

With the same deep and dirge-like  
tone which pierced

My soul e'en now.—I call'd—my  
struggling voice

Gave utterance to my wife's my  
children's names;

They answer'd not—I roused my  
failing strength,

And wildly rush'd within—and they  
were there.

*Rai.* And was all well?

*Mon.* Ay, well!—for death is well,  
And they were all at rest!—I see  
them yet,

Pale in their innocent beauty, which  
had fail'd

To stay th' assassin's arm!

*Rai.* Oh, righteous heaven!  
Who had done this?

*Mon.* Who?

*Pro.* Can'st thou question, who?  
Whom hath the earth to perpetrate  
such deeds,

In the cold-blooded revelry of crime,  
But those whose yoke is on us?

*Montalba*, like *OTWAY's Ren-  
nault*, determines to shed blood  
enough, and urges them to spare  
neither age nor sex. To this pro-  
position the gallant *Raimond* thus  
replies:—

*Rai.* (*Rushing forward indignantly.*)

Our faith to this!  
No! I but dreamt I heard it!—Can  
it be?

My countrymen, my father!—Is it  
thus

That freedom should be won!—  
Awake! awake

To loftier thoughts!—Lift up, ex-  
ultingly,

On the crown'd heights, and to the  
sweeping winds,

Your glorious banner!—Let your  
trumpet's blast

Make the tombs thrill with echoes !  
Call aloud,  
Proclaim from all your hills, the  
land shall bear

The stranger's yoke no longer !—  
What is he

Who carries on his practised lip a  
smile,

Beneath his vest a dagger, which  
but waits

Till the heart bounds with joy, to  
still its beatings ?

That which our nature's instinct  
doth recoil from,

And our blood curdle at—Ay, yours  
and mine—

A murderer !—Heard ye ?—Shall  
that name with ours

Go down to after days ?—Oh,  
friends ! a cause

Like that for which we rise, hath  
made bright names

Of the elder time as rallying-words  
to men,

Sounds full of might and immor-  
tality !

And shall not ours be such ?

*Mon.* Fond dreamer, peace !  
Fame ! What is fame ?—Will our

unconscious dust  
Start into thrilling rapture from the

grave,  
At the vain breath of praise ?—I tell

thee, youth,  
Our souls are parch'd with ago-

nizing thirst,  
Which must be quench'd tho' death

were in the draught :  
We must have vengeance, for our

foes have left  
No other joy unblighted.

*Pro.* Oh ! my son,  
The time is past for such high

dreams as thine.  
Thou know'st not whom we deal

with. Knightly faith,  
And chivalrous honour, are but

things whereon  
They cast disdainful pity. We

must meet  
Falsehood with wiles, and insult

with revenge.  
And, for our names—what'er the

deeds, by which  
We burst our bondage—is it not

enough  
That in the chronicle of days to

come,  
We, thro' a bright 'For Ever,' shall

be call'd  
The men who saved their country ?

The bridal day approaches, and

the signal for the attack is the  
sound of the "vesper bell." The

revels commence by a beautiful  
song ; and the masquers, when the  
bell sounds, throw off their fantas-  
tic habits, attack the *Viceroy*, who,  
with his guards, are mastered and  
killed. *Raimond* preserves *Con-  
stance* from the Sicilians, whose  
cause is completely successful. A  
party of the French, however, es-  
cape under *De Couci*. *Raimond*  
is accused first of protecting *Con-  
stance*, and secondly of treason, in  
aiding the escape of *De Couci's*  
party :—of the latter he is, how-  
ever, innocent. A scene ensues  
similar to the judgment of *Brutus*,  
in which *Procida* condemns his  
son to death. In this the fair wri-  
ter can only be exposed to the mere  
charge of imitating the incident,  
for, as our quotation will prove,  
the poetry of the scene is far above  
the *fustian* of HOWARD PAYNE.

*Pro.* Why, what a bright and  
fearless brow is here !

—Is this man guilty ?—Look on him,  
*Montalba* !

*Mon.* Be firm. Should justice  
falter at a look ?

*Pro.* No, thou say'st well. Her  
eyes are filleted,

Or should be so. Thou, that dost  
call thyself—

—But no ! I will not breathe a trait-  
or's name—

Speak ! thou art arraigned of treason.

*Rai.* I arraign

*You*, before whom I stand, of darker  
guilt,

In the bright face of heaven ; and  
your own hearts

Give echo to the charge. Your  
very looks

Have ta'en the stamp of crime, and  
seem to shrink,

With a perturb'd and haggard wild-  
ness, back

From the too-searching light.—  
Why, what hath wrought

This change on noble brows ?—  
There is a voice,

With a deep answer, rising from the  
blood

Your hands have coldly shed !—Ye  
are of those

From whom just men recoil, with  
curdling veins,

All thrill'd by life's abhorrent con-  
sciousness,

And sensitive feeling of a murderer's presence.

—Away! come down from your tribunal-seat,

Put off your robes of state, and let your mien

Be pale and humbled; for ye bear about you

That which repugnant earth doth sicken at,

More than the pestilence.—That I should live

To see my father shrink!

*Pro.* Montalba, speak!

There's something chokes my voice—but fear me not.

The fifth act opens with an interview between *Procida* and *Raimond*, full of true poetry, intensity, and feeling. The French, headed by *De Couci*, attack Palermo: the Sicilians are beaten from the gates, when *Raimond*, who was released from prison by *Vittoria*, urges them to re-action: they rally, and are successful. *Raimond* is mortally wounded, and lives but to hear his innocence proclaimed, then dies in the arms of his father and *Constance*; and with the following speech, the piece ends.—

*Pro.* (after a pause.) Is this dust I look on—*Raimond*!—'tis but sleep—a smile

On his pale cheek sits proudly. *Raimond*, wake!

Oh, God! and this was his triumphant day!

My son, my injured son!

*Con.* (starting.) Art thou his father?

I know thee now.—Hence! with thy dark stern eye,

And thy cold heart!—Thou canst not wake him now!

Away! he will not answer butto me, For none like me hath loved him!

He is mine!

Ye shall not rend him from me.

*Pro.* Oh! he knew

Thy love, poor maid!—Shrink from me now no more!

He knew thy heart—but who shall tell him now

The depth, th' intenseness, and the agony,

Of my suppress'd affection?—I have learn'd

All his high worth in time—to deck his grave!

Is there not power in the strong spirit's woe

To force an answer from the viewless world

Of the departed?—*Raimond*!—Speak! forgive!

*Raimond*! my victor, my deliverer, hear!

Why, what a world is this!—Truth ever bursts

On the dark soul too late: And glory crowns

Th' unconscious dead! And an hour comes to break

The mightiest hearts!—My son! my son! is this

A day of triumph?—Ay, for thee alone!

From these selections, a most correct judgment may be formed of its general merit. That it will please in the closet is indisputable, because there are numberless passages of great poetic beauty, depth of passion, and powerful delineation; but that it will never be a favourite on the stage, is equally certain. The contrasts between the characters are not sufficiently marked; the incidents, though well arranged, are still not of that commanding nature which alternately afflict and agitate the soul, and in which the true spirit of tragic excellence consists. Though the subject of the story is great, noble, and affecting, and due regard is paid to the unities, yet the means by which the end is gained, are mean and unworthy their glorious motives. To rush on unarm'd men, and commit indiscriminate slaughter, is the cruelty of fiends, not the noble revenge of men burning for liberty. We do not dispute its historical accuracy; but we deny the moral influence—the primary object of all dramatic productions. The interest too does not hold the mind in suspense until the catastrophe; but is too early developed. And though there is a freedom and elegance pervading through the whole play, many of the speeches are too di-

dactic and rhetorical;—too much of study, and too little of nature. The *Count di Procida* is a character well drawn, but wants stability and sternness of purpose to be a true patriot. *Raimond* is another *Jaffier*, with all his weaknes, but with a little more honour and principle. *Montalba* hates without motive, and persecutes like a madman. *Vittoria* is too unfeminine, and *Constance* the every-day heroine of romance. But notwithstanding all these blemishes, it is a production that reflects the greatest credit on the talents of the fair authoress, and may fairly rank with the *Evadne*, *Bellamiras*, and *Julians*, of modern times: a higher place it deserves not.

### Dramatic Sketcher, No.2.

JUBAL and VALENTIO,

*Jubal alone.*

When friendship joins in sacred ties,  
With firm  
Indissoluble attachment the hearts  
Of kindred natures, their thoughts, words  
and deeds,  
Their wishes, and their wills, are similar.  
A kindness or a will affects them both  
With mutual feeling; each knows its  
fellow's  
Joys or sorrows, and thus participates  
Their separate fortunes:—happy is he,  
Who such a friend can boast; a constant  
friend;  
It smoothes the rugged path of life to  
know,  
At least that one will joy, or weep with  
us.—  
Such a lot is mine, for in Valentio  
Ever have I found a faithful, true,  
And worthy friend, in whom I can  
confide.—  
I never found him swerve in whate'er he  
Undertook to please, or serve me;—me-  
thinks  
My last request will prove and try him  
more,

Than all that's past;—oh! if thou be  
but true,

'Twill be a sweet revenge, and worthy me,  
On proud Amelia and her father's head,  
Whose insulting and vile usage of me  
Hath drawn on them the deed I medi-  
tate.

Once I lov'd the girl; but now my  
ardent love

Is turn'd to deadliest hate. I sought  
her hand,

And did solicit of the Count her father,  
His daughter for my bride; but she, with  
proud

Disdain, bade me begone; and he, with  
accents

Haughtier far than Princes ever use,  
Refused my proffer'd offer, and despis'd

A close alliance with me.—Then I did  
On bended knees, humbly plead my love;

But he, with an ignominious thrust,  
And wanton blows, drove me from his  
house.

My blood with anger boil'd, for quick I  
strove

With like retort, to baffle all his pur-  
pose;

But his vile vassals o'erpower'd me with  
Numbers, and expell'd me hence.—Now  
my thoughts,

My cares, they centre in revenge, the  
which

I have devis'd, and if I succeed 'twill  
Inflict the deadliest smart:—'tis this,  
and I

Delight to ruminate on it.—He hath  
One only daughter, no son or other  
child

Has he; himself too old ever to boast  
Of more; all his possessions large; he  
doth

Anticipate male issue by her, when  
She weds, to inherit his wide domains;  
But this, if sweet revenge I can obtain,  
My deeds shall mar. Her father seeks  
for her

A wealthy wooer, and such a one have I  
Provided, and so far pleased him.—

Signior

VALENTIO, my staunchest friend on  
earth;

The insult done to me he deeply feels,  
And seeks to assist my wish'd revenge.  
'Tis well; by him alone I can obtain it;  
For he, as many are in Italia found,  
A ennoch is, yet here he is not known  
As such, and being rich too, suits my  
purpose

Bravely. He is accepted by her father  
As the wooer of his daughter, and hath  
Obtain'd her hand, so well his suit he  
press'd,

And this their wedding day; and now I  
wait

His presence here, to impart the full  
Completion of the nuptial ceremonies—  
But here he comes.

*Valentio.* Revenge, complete!  
It is fulfill'd, the articles of our union  
Are ratified and sign'd, which nothing  
Can unbind, our marriage too is past,  
And time will prove the greatness of  
thy just revenge.

*Jubal.* Valentio, thou art too good  
To sacrifice thyself to please thy friend.

*Valentio.* Talk not of sacrifice, what  
is to me

A pleasure, as it doth bind me closer  
In thy affections and esteem.

*Jubal.* *Worthy,*  
Worthy Valentio, how good art thou;  
My heart will burst with gratitude.

The old man now can never have lawful  
Issue to inherit his wide domains.

*Valentio.* Not only so, but if you  
inspect these

Articles of settlement, you will perceive  
That on his daughter's death, they all  
devolve

To me, the half of which, my friend,  
if we

Survive her death, is thine.

*Jubal.* Never, never!  
Thou dost truly deserve it all:—thou art  
Too generous, Valentio. I will not  
One guinea touch; all, all is thine, thy  
due,

And bought too dearly.—Revenge is  
mine, all  
I require. How will the old man curse  
and rave,

In sorrow gnash his teeth, with keen  
anguish

How 'twill probe his heart, when he  
learns

How matters are, and that me it was who  
Planned the act, the bait devis'd, which  
took so well.

Methinks his quiv'ring lips will scarce  
Impart the anger of his heart. Oh! 'tis  
Sweet thus to th' very core to pierce his  
heart,

And wring his soul with agony; hence-  
forth

He'll learn more watchful of his deeds  
and words

To be; and know, from dear experience,  
That other's passions are not with im-  
portunity

To be tamper'd with, or vile insults  
heap'd

On others, without return. Go now,  
join

The revelry which reigns around the old  
Man's hall. Be gay and jocund as the  
rest;

That when he learns th' injury done his  
race;

The sudden knowledge, and the quick  
surprise,

May pierce his heart more deeply, and  
make him

Feel what 'tis to give another pain—  
adieu!

*Valentio.* Adieu, I'll meet thee here  
again to morrow. Farewell!

"ANTONIO."

#### DRAMATIC DEPRAVITY.

"Age, thou art shamed."—SHAKESPEARE.

IT will scarcely be believed by  
posterity, that in an age of refine-  
ment like the present, when the  
wise and good are rivalling each  
other to meliorate the condition of  
the wretched; it will hardly be  
credited we say, that at such a pe-  
riod, a *being* should be found so



utterly *base and worthless* as to seek profit by the miseries of his fellow-creatures, and so heartless as coolly to sit down and pen a drama detailing the circumstances of a murder, while the accused were untried, and consequently *by the law of the land* presumed to be innocent! Such an inhuman circumstance is happily unparalleled in the history of the Stage; and we blush to live in the same day with a man and an author who has stained the page of history with an act so atrocious and indecent:—he may have the form, but he cannot have the feeling of a man;—for he

“Almost mak’st us waver in our faith  
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,  
That souls of animals infuse themselves  
Into the trunks of men. Thy *currish*  
spirit  
Govern’d a wolf, who, hanged for human  
slaughter,  
Even from the gallows did his fell soul  
fleet;  
And whilst thou lay’st in thy unhallow’d  
dam  
Infus’d itself in thee; for thy desires  
Are wolfish, bloody, starv’d and raven-  
ous!”

We mention no names. If the compiler of the ‘*Gamblers*,’ be sensible to shame, his own feelings, and the judgment of an indignant court of justice, will be punishment enough, otherwise we should feel it a duty to publish *his borrowed title of humanity*, that he might be held up to the execration he merits.

We will now conclude with an account of the proceedings which have been very properly instituted against the proprietors, because we are afraid to trust ourselves further on a subject in which our feelings might betray us into expressions that the indefinable nature of the law of libel would call an offence; and we have more discretion than to thrust ourselves into the ‘cannon’s mouth,’ and get nothing but hard knocks for our pains; but as Theatrical Journalists, we insert the cir-

cumstances as forming a new tho’ a repulsive feature in the ‘tide of times.’

#### THE SURREY THEATRE.

The KING v. LLEWELLYN WILLIAMS and J. ROMNEY.

Mr. Gurney moved to make absolute the rule obtained by Mr. Chitty calling on Llewellyn Williams and J. Romney to show cause why a criminal information should not be exhibited against them for a misdemeanour, tending to obstruct the course of public justice. The ground of this rule was the exhibition of a piece at the Surrey Theatre on Monday and Tuesday in last week, under the title of the *Gamblers*, and the distribution of the playbills announcing the performance.

The Common Sergeant now appeared to show cause against the rule on behalf of Mr. Williams. The application was made on the affidavit of Mr. Francis Tarrant Fenton, and one of his clerks, against the proprietor of the Surrey Theatre, for exhibiting a piece which Mr. Fenton believed to allude to the case of John Thurtell, a prisoner in Hertford gaol on a charge of murder. Mr. Fenton himself, however, admitted that Mr. Williams promptly agreed to withdraw the piece, and would have withdrawn it that very evening had it been possible.

The Lord Chief Justice.—And why not that night? Why was it not possible.

The Common Sergeant.—Because the audience had begun to arrive, and Mr. Williams feared that a riot would take place if he changed the performances.

The Lord Chief Justice.—Oh, you might have returned every one his money, and withdrawn the piece.

Mr. Justice Best.—But that return of money was, I suspect, the difficulty.

The Common Sergeant submitted that the mere offer to return money would not necessarily soothe the irritation of a disappointed audience. Here Mr. Fenton himself stated that Mr. Williams so promptly offered to withdraw the piece, that he would have refrained from making the present application, had he not, on witnessing the performance, regarded it as so flagrant a violation of public justice, that he felt it his duty not to forbear from bringing it before the Court. But this was the mere naked opinion of Mr. Fenton. He (the Common Sergeant) was prepared to argue, that the affidavit did not disclose sufficient evidence on which a grand jury could find a bill: but perhaps his learned friend might think that the ends of justice were already

answered by the suppression of the performance, and might at once abandon the rule.

Mr. Gurney replied, that he felt in this case bound to press that the rule should be made absolute.

The Common Sergeant said, then he must proceed to show that there were not sufficient facts disclosed in the affidavit to sustain the charge. Mr. Fenton began by stating, that one John Thurtell was now a prisoner in Hertford goal on a charge of murder—and committed to take his trial at the next assizes; and then the affidavit went on to state, that one Thomas Thurtell had recovered a large sum of money in an action against the County Fire-office; that a motion for a new trial was pending in the Court of Common Pleas; and that an indictment for a conspiracy had been found against him and others, relating to the same transaction. Mr. Fenton's clerk stated that he went to the Surrey Theatre between 5 and 6 on the Tuesday evening—certainly a very late hour to prevent the performance—and served Mr. Williams with a notice of his intention to move the court against him, to which Mr. Williams gave the answer already mentioned. Mr. Fenton swore that he went to the house in order to witness the performance; that he bought a play-bill at the door, which was a copy of that exhibited in the streets; that a great crowd was assembled in the house; and that the incidents of the drama closely resembled those which had been published in the newspapers, as relating to the offence with which John Thurtell was charged, except that one of the party implicated was excused at the expense of the others. Now he (the Common Sergeant) submitted, that the court could take no judicial notice of the statements said to have appeared in the public prints; those newspapers were not brought before them, and they could not assume any fact as true, merely on the ground of notoriety, when it was not brought before them in the regular form. The affidavit did not state that the incidents of the piece bore any resemblance to the evidence given on the inquest, or before the magistrates, or to the case expected to be made in proof at the trial, but merely to the assertions of journals not before the court, and of which the court could know nothing. It was true that there was an allegation that one of the actors personated Thurtell—that the audience manifested considerable emotion when he was taken by the officers, and that in Mr. Fenton's judgment, the ex-

hibition was evidently calculated to prejudice him in his defence on the trial.

The Lord Chief Justice.—The affidavit states that there was a performer who represented John Thurtell, and that the audience manifested great and peculiar pleasure when he was taken into custody; and that the deponent verily believes the whole performance was calculated to deprive this man of his fair means of defence.

The Common Sergeant submitted that sufficient particulars were not given, from which a legal conclusion could be drawn. He would not attempt to contend that the circumstances which were about to become the subject of solemn judicial inquiry, ought to be exhibited on the stage; but in this case he submitted, that the proof was defective, and that the court would not regret to discharge the rule, when the evil complained of had been entirely stayed.

Mr. Barnewell followed in the same line of argument, and contended that there was nothing stated as a fact in the affidavit, but the commitment of John Thurtell on the charge of murder; all the rest was mere opinion and conjecture. There was nothing to connect the performance with the facts of the case, but merely, with certain statements, which were not set forth, and of the correspondence of which with the scenes the court could not judge.

Mr. Marryatt, for Mr. Romney, the printer, observed, that his client had done nothing after notice, as the hand-bill was printed long before Mr. Fenton's communication with Mr. Williams. But he contended there was nothing calling on Mr. Romney for any answer; and therefore he had advised Mr. Romney not to make an affidavit, as there was no matter implicating him in the charge.

Mr. Gurney rose to support the rule. It was of the highest importance that the attainment of justice should neither be defeated nor delayed by the interposition of the press or the theatre. To judge only from what had passed during the last few weeks, one would think that the guilt or innocence of a party accused of a capital crime were to be tried any where but in a court of justice. There had been many instances in which public justice had been insulted by those who presumed to anticipate the results of serious accusations; but the present case exhibited a degree of atrocity and daring without previous example. Here was a person committed to take his trial on a charge involving his life, at assizes which would now be holden in a few

days; and at this period the manager of a theatre presumed to represent on the stage the alleged circumstances of the crime, as they had appeared in the public prints. Was this for a moment to be endured? So attractive did the proprietor expect his performance to become, that he gave notice in his bill that the "free list would be suspended" during its run, and headed the bill with a grave disquisition, which, if the subject were less momentous, might provoke a smile. [The learned Counsel here read the long prefatory announcement of the representation, asserting that the 'stage was the best corrector of public morals,' and laying claim to praise for the striking inculcation of a moral lesson.] Beneath this announcement appeared in great letters the title '*The Gamblers*,' followed by an enumeration of the *dramatis personæ*, and a description of the principal scenes, which were announced as correct delineations of the places so often referred to in the newspapers:—1. Probert's cottage, &c. &c. in which will be introduced the identical horse and gig so often alluded to. In this piece it was sworn that there was an actor, intended to represent the man who in a few days was to pass on his trial for life or death, acting over the dreadful crime imputed to him, and thus heightening that prejudice which the daily and weekly prints had done so much to awaken and to cherish. The learned Counsel then proceeded to contend that the circumstance of the printer's name being affixed to the play-bill was sufficient to call on him to answer, as by 39 Geo. III. c. 79, s. 27, every printer was compelled to affix his name to the works which issued from his press.

The court expressed a decisive opinion that this evidence was not sufficient to require an answer from Mr. Romney; the mere fact of an individual's name appearing to a paper was no evidence whatever against him.

Mr. Gurney declined to press his argument further against the printer; and explained that he had not contended that there was enough to convict him, but only enough to call upon him for an answer.

Mr. Chitty.—Then I will apply myself to the other parts of the case.

The Lord Chief Justice.—Upon that we need not trouble you. We think this rule must be discharged as to the printer, for there is no evidence to connect him with the bill—no semblance of proof except the mere name in the corner,—but we are all clearly of opinion that, as against the proprietor of the

theatre, this rule must be made absolute. The Common Sergeant has most properly directed our attention to the absence of proof that this representation is applied to the case of John Thurtell, now under a charge of murder; but we think the connexion between them is sufficiently clear. I feel that there is great weight in that part of the learned counsel's observations, which was directed to show that the performance was not changed as coinciding with the facts before the court, but with certain statements in the daily prints, of which we judicially can know nothing; but the affidavit states, that John Thurtell is committed for trial on a charge of murder, and then it further alleges as a fact, that a performer appears in this melodrama as a murderer, whom the deponent verily believes to be intended to represent John Thurtell; and that the audience, by the manner in which they express exultation when he is seized, so understood the character. This, I think, is sufficient; and the formal difficulty being overcome, nothing remains but the question, whether it is permitted by law for the manager of a public theatre to exhibit on a public stage circumstances which involve the life or death of a British subject, on the eve of a solemn investigation of a most dreadful charge. The question is too plain to need an elaborate answer. It is quite impossible that any lawyer, I may say any man, can entertain a doubt that such an exhibition is an offence against the law. As to the proprietor, then, let the rule be made absolute.

Mr. Justice Bayley.—I entirely agree in what my Lord Chief Justice has said. If such proceedings as these are permitted, it is quite impossible that any prisoner, charged with an offence which excites great public feeling, should have a fair and an unprejudiced trial. Any attempt whatever to prejudice a criminal case, whether by detail of evidence, or by comment, or by theatrical exhibition, is a high misdemeanour deserving the serious visitation of justice. I have often seen most improper publications relating to criminal charges; but this is the first time, I believe, that the offensive matter was *ever oculis subjecta Adeliis*; to bring the scenes and the persons connected with a weighty accusation on a public stage; it is an outrage on public decency, as well as on public justice.

Mr. Justice Holroyd.—I entirely concur with my learned brothers: not only do such proceedings and publications, before trial, relating to the charge, tend to inflame the public mind unduly, but

they render the verdict which is given, less satisfactory than it would be if the general feelings were dispassionate and tranquil, and no prejudices had been previously excited.

Mr. Justice Best.—It is unnecessary for me to say much in this case, concurring as I do in all the opinions expressed by my learned brothers. The only question before us is, whether it is decent, whether it is lawful, a short time before the trial of a man accused of murder, to represent him as a murderer on the public stage. It has been said by the defendant, 'that the stage is the best corrector of public morals.' I agree in that sentiment, at least that it is one of the best correctors of morals when rightly used; but it is also capable of being prostituted to their corruption. I cannot imagine an exhibition more immoral—more deeply tending to brutalize and degrade the British character—than one by which the public are called on to take pleasure in a spectacle which must afflict every good and feeling man with the most painful emotion—the

spectacle of a guilty murderer (so represented by the dramatist) who, if the case against him be proved, must shortly undergo the dreadful punishment of his crime. I know of nothing more calculated to make the English people sanguinary—to destroy the humane and honourable character they have borne so long, and which, we trust, they will never lose.

The Lord Chief Justice.—I have cautiously abstained from all judicial notice of the public prints; the affidavits allude to statements which have appeared in the papers, and we know that a great deal of most improper matter on this subject has daily and weekly issued from the press. I will only express my hope that the great mischief to which these publications tend, may be prevented by that disgust which they are calculated to excite in every well-regulated mind.

The rule for a criminal information was accordingly made absolute as against Mr. Williams, and discharged as far as it respected Mr. Romney.

## Theatrical Chit Chat.

The following are the new Opera arrangements:—Rossini, composer; Mesdames Ronzi, Mombelli, Carodori, Vestris, and Pasta, are the principal female singers engaged. It is, however, said that the last-mentioned lady, although under a penalty of £1,000 to the managers of the King's Theatre, may possibly be prevented by the French Government from quitting France. The male singers are Garcia, Curioni, Porto, Remorini, and some others. The corps de Ballet include Albert, Noblet, Le Gros, Madame C. Vestris, Mademoiselles Idalie, Lerouze, Aumer and others. The leader of the Opera is Spagnoletti, and of the Ballet, Mr. Lacey; the Ballet-masters, Messrs. Aumer, Guillet, and Boisgerard. The theatre is to open about the second week in January.

"Now is *Elliston* a child of CONSCIENCE—he makes restitution!!!"

THEATRICAL RE-FUND.—In the *Middlesex County Court*, before Mr. HEATH, several suits were this day, (Monday) brought, in which Mr. ELLISTON was defendant, to recover money paid by persons who, when his Majesty visited *Drury Lane Theatre*,

could not obtain seats or even standing room. The Jury, in all the cases, found for the plaintiffs, on the evidence that some had passed from the pit on being told by the servants of the house that there was room in the boxes, and that others had paid their money at the box-door without receiving any intimation from the receiver that the house was full, or there being any board up at the time with a notice to that effect.

The receipts of *Drury Lane Theatre* on the night of the King's visit there were £900.

Covent Garden on a similar event, £941.

A barefaced and indecent attempt at imposition was practised on the town by the penny Theatrical Observer, during the last week; their placard was headed, in large characters,—“Sudden death of Mr. Young,” when it turned out that the *erudite* Editor of these penny criticisms conceived Mr. Young had prematurely concluded his performance of King John. A more impudent and outrageous laceration of feeling cannot be found in the annals of malignity.

THEATRICAL UNION.—Mr. Yates of T. R. Covent Garden, has led to the hymenial altar that fascinating and amiable actress, Miss Brunton—late

of C. G. and niece to the Countess of Craven;—at Walcot Church, Bath.

**FATAL ACCIDENT.**—Mr. BLACKMORE, the slack-rope dancer, who exhibited at Mr. LLOYD'S circus, in Cheltenham, a few weeks ago, has been killed, by falling from the rope, his foot having slipped in one of his most dangerous feats.

#### PROVINCIAL THEATRES.

**STOCKPORT THEATRE.**—Miss MOODY is playing here. She is a clever little actress, and has sustained her arduous duties throughout the season highly creditable to herself, and satisfactorily to the public—and we trust she will be well rewarded.—Miss COE takes her benefit on Monday; and on Wednesday, SLAITER. The talents and industry of this young man, together with the circumstance of his being a townsman will, we hope, ensure him that liberal patronage his efforts are so well deserving of.—The benefits during the last week were not, we are sorry to observe, so good as we had contemplated.

A circumstance, almost unparalleled in the annals of the drama, occurred at the Kelso Theatre during the last month. Shakspeare's '*Macbeth*,' '*The Register Office*,' and the grand pantomime of '*William Tell*,' got up at great expense, with a respectable and select company, were advertised for the benefit of a lady and gentleman who have sustained a leading line throughout the season. Under these circumstances, and on a beautiful evening, the actual receipts were—*one shilling!!!* One solitary individual being the whole of the audience.

#### BATH ITALIAN OPERAS.

MR. EDITOR:—

Indisposition alone has prevented an earlier notice of these performances, agreeably to the promise in my last. In the expectation of your pardon for previous omissions, I have subjoined an account of the one I had the pleasure to witness. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the attempt to play Italian Operas at Bath has been extremely successful; and without questioning the *policy* of such a measure in the present distressed state of our national drama, I shall to my task 'nothing extenuate or set down aught in malice.'

The opera of '*Il Barbiere di Stetilia*,' is not only highly popular, but a very meritorious composition; and was excellently well supported. The exquisitely pleasing Madame DE BÉGNIS gave '*La Biondina*' in a very pleasing style. The syncopated and the triplet variations, as well as the chromatic passages descending, were executed in the neatest manner; indeed, I am of opinion, they were rather too delicately given to produce the full effect which additional energy would have created. Lovely and interesting as this lady ever appears, we turn with unabated satisfaction to record our approbation of her husband: arch, animated, and debonaire, he seemed the absolute reality of that which before we had only seen copied: his humour, rich and exquisite as it is, is not superior to his vocal powers, which he rolled forth triumphantly. His '*Largo al factotum*' shewed him possessed of the highest capabilities: his rich volume of voice, combined with his exquisite humour, produced an effect seldom to be witnessed.—Signor PLACCI, as *Dr. Bartolo*, was not quite so comic as we could have wished.—Signor BÉGREZ was an efficient *Alma viva*, and sang his allotted music in an agreeable manner; but we consider some of the notes in the upper part of his voice thin and wery: his shake, in my estimation, is somewhat of the closest—it borders on the extreme. The other vocalists, in proportion to their stations, acquitted themselves in a way that must have been as satisfactory to the conductors as it was pleasurable to the audience.

The *Divertissement* was varied and interesting. The younger of the SAUNDERS was very amusing in a comic dance; and Miss WORKMAN exerted herself in a manner that will always insure her success and applause. She acquits herself in the skipping-rope dance as well as we think it could be done; and her general abilities are considerable, and if properly exerted, will ultimately gain her public consideration. After the opera, MONS. HULLIN'S pupils enacted another ballet, called the *Venetian Ball*. I have no wish to depreciate these young people: they may be really clever for the time they have devoted to the profession; but cannot but think MONS. HULLIN is entirely mistaken with respect to the audience he has undertaken to entertain: he certainly cannot be aware of the abilities of those dancers they have been accustomed to witness here, or he never could have entertained, for a moment, the idea of amusing them with such a crude,

dull, and uninteresting performance, as was exhibited on this occasion.

On Friday, the opera of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* was repeated with increased attraction; the dress circles of the house being absolutely crowded.

#### ENGLISH COMPANY.

Wednesday, December 3, *Jane Shore*. The part of *Lord Hastings* (MR. OSBALDISTON) was by no means illustrated. Once or twice, in the more even passages of the character, MR. OSBALDISTON approached the thing to be desired; but in those varied feelings of enthusiasm, love, and horror, which the part presents to the man of genius, as a foundation to erect a temple to his own fame, and the honor of human intellect, he was uniform, prosing, and methodical. When his sudden doom befell him, I saw nothing of the surprise that should have mingled with his horror. I saw not the passions moulding the features with alternate mastery, neither could I discover aught of dignity or grace; but I give him credit for good even declamation and ease of deportment. These are very available properties in less important characters; but form not a hundredth portion of the requisites essential to the first line of acting. I am anxious to speak as leniently as truth will allow; and admit of this gentleman, that he is free from the vulgar affectation of great personal importance, which is a strong evidence of his possessing the first requisite for forming a good actor—good sense. Study and experience may do much for him; but at present he wants variety of expression and discrimination in the use of that which he can command; and variety and modulation in the tones of his voice, to enable him to represent satisfactorily those first-rate characters we have been wont to see illustrated by the rarest geniuses of the age. This comparison is by no means invidious: he that aims at the highest honours, subjects himself to a proportionably severe ordeal; as that portion of ability which would command success in a moderate attempt, merits reprehension, if it assume to execute matters too important for its powers.—*Alicia*, Mrs. SHEPPARD. Here again we have the ungracious task of censure imperatively enjoined us. This was a loud but not forcible essay. The extreme frenzy of the character requires that consummate skill which practice alone confers, a smoothness in the midst of vehemence, to prevent its sinking into discordant vociferations; and this was wanting; in consequence, there was a considerable

degree of coarseness and exaggeration, the reverse of our ideas of propriety and excellence.—*Jane Shore*, Mrs. BAILEY. A chaste and sensible performance; she looked very interesting, and delivered the sense of her author with nice discrimination; but she was, like Niobe, all tears. The passage, which she delivered best, for instance, her concluding speech in the first act, was lengthened out by tone and pause too long for either nature or effect; the text is sermonical, and she added to the weight of it by an occasional monotony of tone and extended pauses; but there was much excellence to out-weigh these errors,—feeling was evinced in many parts of her performance, and the pathos of her last scene would have wrung a tear from the marble heart of apathy herself.—*Duke of Gloucester*, Mr. YOUNGER. Sensible and respectable.—*Dumont*, Mr. MATTHEWS. Here the talent of the actor was more than commensurate to the part assigned him, which was, in consequence, decidedly well played; in my opinion, it was more exempt from objection than any performance in the piece. The other characters required, and perhaps, in the *Jane Shore* of the evening displayed more talent; but this had unstrained propriety throughout, and was interesting from being done right well.

On Saturday evening, (Dec. 6.) *She Stoops to Conquer* was produced, with the part of *Miss Hardcastle* by a young lady, her first appearance on any stage. The lady seems of mature age, and has an easy deportment and delivery; but she has a face by no means calculated for the stage. Rational readings and plain declamation, unaided by grace of action or apparent feeling, should never be suffered to form the foundation of any tyro's choice in a profession, where talent only confers rank, and where any thing beneath mediocrity is stigmatised. With this opinion, I speak the truth of the essayist; as the unmerited commendation of friends has induced many to enter into a profession from which they cannot easily recede or recover the advantages they abandon, with the false hope excited by the mistaken kindness of friends, who may have maintained they had every chance of success in a profession for which they were absolutely deficient in the natural requisites. Mr. VINING's *Marlow* was a very clever and animated performance. I must endeavour to do justice to the deserts of the other personages of the dramatic personæ on some other occasion, and which I shall take care to remit you with punctuality.

I am, Mr. Editor, Yours,

Q.







Drawn by Meadows

Engraved by Page.

MR. SHERWIN AS FARMER PADDOCK,  
in  
*My Spouse and I*  
*'The Luncheon's ready Sir.'*

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